

I sure as hell ain't used to this, but that doesn't mean i don't want it by needmesomepie

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M, These two cute arseholes are going to be the end of me, blink and you'll miss Jopper, christmas in february?, have a good day my friends, honestly i am trash to the highest of levels, i literally wrote this at 6am i need help, you got it

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Billy was just about getting used to being accepted into such a loving group with wide, open and welcoming arms. Was just about getting used to having a group of people he was able to call his *friends*. Was just about getting used to having a genuine smile plastered on his face, not the fake one that he slapped on to hide the pain that he was feeling inside.

He was just about getting used to all of it. But if there was one thing that Billy Hargrove was most definitely not, and wasn't sure he would ever be used to, it was and always would be Steve Harrington.

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Author's Note:

For anyone out there wondering how to get away with posting a christmas trope fic in February, then wonder no more my friends

Billy hadn't been going along for long. In fact, this was only the third time he'd actually been invited to this strange sort of 'family' meal, and it still shocked him. Still shocked him that *anyone*, let alone this group of people, would want him around. Especially Max, Lucas and Steve for god's sake. He'd practically gotten close enough to killing two of them, and had made Max's life hell from the moment they'd met. It made no sense that any of them would want him around, which is why when Steve mentioned it to him the first time, he had quite literally laughed in his face.

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"Hey! Hargrove, wait up!" Steve had called across the parking lot, running up to the side of Billy's Camaro.

"What do you want, Harrington?" He replied. No mirth, no anger, just genuine curiosity.

"You busy Friday?"

"What's it matter to you?"

"Just answer the damn question, Billy."

"No, I'm not, why, you want to ask me out on a date?" He wiggled his eyebrows, but something deep within his stomach fluttered, almost as if a part of him wanted that to be true.

Steve just looked up at him, raising an eyebrow before replying, not even acknowledging the last part of that sentence.

"Dinner at the Byers', 7, be there." He said it with such surety, which had made the whole situation that bit more hilarious to Billy.

"What?" He finally managed to get out through the uncontrollable laughter that seemed to have racked his system.

"It's just a thing we do, as often as we can. Everyone'll be there, all the kids, Jonathan, Nancy, Joyce, Hopper, me. It's fun."

"Why on Earth would any one of those people want me to sit around and have dinner with them?"

"We don't hate you, Billy. None of us do. We understand. You've apologised for everything that happened that night, we've all forgiven you. We all want you there."

Billy had just laughed as he got into his car, a mumble of a disbelieved 'sure, Harrington' being carried in the winter wind as his car disappeared in a cloud of dirt.

Neither had mentioned it when Billy was dragged in by Max at 7 by the cuffs of his jacket, only stopping when he was seated next to Steve, car keys in her pocket so he couldn't run.

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He still wasn't used to the warm and friendly welcoming he received from everyone everytime he turned up for the weird sort of family dinner it had turned into. Wasn't used to the smiles he'd receive from them when he offered to do the washing up. Wasn't used to the way Steve Harrington would always somehow end up with his seat so close to his, that not even dust could settle in the gap between them.

He wasn't used to any of it, but he was trying to be. Because honestly, he enjoyed it. He enjoyed being with this group of people he was trying to get used to calling his friends, his *family*. He enjoyed getting out of his house and away from Neil, even if it was just for a few hours every couple or so weeks. But mostly, he enjoyed sitting next to Steve Harrington, being so close to him that he could feel his breath on his arm every time he spoke, could smell whatever hair products

he used to tame his beautiful locks, could watch his every move without anyone giving him a second glance. He enjoyed being so close to Steve that every brush of their skin would cause goosebumps to rise on his arms, the back of his neck.

In the weeks it had been since everyone had decided that Steve should first invite Billy, the dynamic between them had changed. They had gone from just being civil, to actually being friends, to flirting with each other everytime they were in earshot of one another and Billy wasn't entirely sure how, why or when it had happened. But instead of a casual smile at each other across the corridor, there were arms flung over shoulders, lingering looks when they sat next to each other in English and the subtle blow of a kiss when they had to part ways. It wasn't textbook flirting, no, but the way that Billy's heart swelled and his chest tightened when Steve did anyone of these things to him, it was clear to him that it was more than just friendly conversation.

So here Billy sat, next to Steve as if it was written than it had to be that way, a plate of food in front of him, laughing at something Dustin had said. Was it funny? No, well probably not, he wasn't sure, his attention had been focused solely on the boy next to him from the moment he'd sat down, but Steve was laughing, so Billy laughed too. No one paid them much mind, the conversation flowed smoothly, a few jokes here and there, followed by genuine checkups on how everyone was doing. It was nice, no screw that, it was *healthy*. It was something that had never happened in any house he'd lived in, and that hurt, but at the same time it was okay, because now he was surrounded by people in a house where it *did* happen. He was surrounded by people who *cared*. He was surrounded by a group of people who wouldn't beat him to a pulp if he showed even an inch of the person he really was. And he was more than thankful for all of it. For them even inviting him into their lives in the first place.

The conversation slowly died down as people actually began to eat all of the delicacies that had been laid out and prepared by many of the people now eating it, this family meal apparently being one where you contributed if you could. It was near silent, but it was a good silence. Not like the silences that surrounded dinner at his place, the silences filled with trepidation about every move that was

made, with the dread of being on the receiving end of whatever it was that had riled Neil up that day. These silences were filled with humble appreciation and an unspoken love. It was *warm*.

Long after the chat had begun and died again, after Hopper and Billy had gone out for their ritual after dinner smoke, after the kids had run off to play DnD in the front room, after Nancy and Jonathan had retired to sit on the porch, after Joyce and Steve had had a conversation about the terrors that had been keeping them up that week, Steve declared he was going to do the washing up this time, seeing as Billy and Hopper had still not returned. But as he begun to walk through the dining room, Billy came through the back door and they both continued walking until they'd met beneath the kitchen doorway. They didn't say anything, their eyes focused solely on each other until they heard a small, deep snicker from none other than Jim Hopper. Steve, realising where he was standing, didn't even have to look to know why. Billy, on the other hand, was incredibly confused about why the chief was attempting to not laugh any more than he already was, why Joyce had hidden her mouth behind her hand and why Steve Harrington suddenly had sun blushed cheeks.

"Care to explain?" He'd said, looking to each one of them in the hopes of an explanation, settling on the chief who just glanced above their heads at a single sprig of mistletoe that had, in all honesty, seen better days.

"It appears we have found ourselves in quite the position, Hargrove." Steve perked up, finding Billy's face again, rather than the floor which was in much the same state as the plant hanging above them.

"The fuck is that thing even doing there anyway? It's the middle of February." Steve just laughed. The reality of it was that after Christmas, they'd simply forgotten to take it down. But, after noticing during a session of DnD, everyone had mutually decided to leave it up on the off chance that a certain chief and light-loving mum would get caught under it. (They had, one night last month, long after everyone was asleep, but no one needed to know just yet). In all honesty it had lead to more hilariously awkward situations like Steve and Joyce being caught under it once, getting away with a kiss on the

cheek, along with Will and Jonathan later that same evening, and Steve and Dustin at the last dinner Billy hadn't been privy to, all getting away with the older ruffling the younger's hair to within an inch of its life.

"Are you saying you want me to take it down?" He quipped.

"Oh, you know me, Harrington, never one to ignore tradition," Billy replied, playing along.

"In that case," Steve started, stepping a pace closer to Billy, "I believe you have a duty to fulfil." Steve joked, accompanied by a wink.

"Steven, even with all of these people watching?" Billy had said, half in jest, half actually in question.

And they knew, they knew that Nancy and Jonathan could see them through the window, knew that Joyce and Hopper had a clear view from the dining room, knew that the kids and their beady eyes would look up from their board game in the front room and see the position they had found themselves in. They knew, but in all honesty, they just didn't mind.

"I don't care about them." Was the last thing Billy heard before nothing but the feeling of Steve's lips took over every part of his brain. Before the warmth and homely feel of soft but chapped lips, the subtle movements and tilt of his neck, the hand coming up to hold the side of his face, was all that Billy could focus on. He brought his hand up to Steve's side, gripping it in the soft material of a jumper that would, no, *could*, only look good on Steve, before he opened his mouth just a little bit to give Steve more access, and by god was it the best thing he'd ever done. Steve gripped a fistful of hair with the hand that wasn't currently holding Billy's head in *just* the right position, prompting Billy to do much the same. The kiss wasn't heated, wasn't deepened at any point, it was just pure, unquestionable, love. Just a confession of the feelings the pair of them had been harbouring for the other for far longer than they'd ever admit.

It lasted forever and not long enough. The pair of them breaking just millimetres apart, smiles wide on their faces and hearts beating in

time with one another.

"Fuck, Harrington," Billy whispered, Steve feeling it on his lips more than he heard it in his ears.

"Happily." He quipped, just as softly.

They laughed, quietly, heartily, genuinely, in the small world that existed exclusively around them, that they'd created and run off to. A world away from upside down worlds and deadbeat fathers. A world that existed of just the two of them, in a way that neither had realised they'd been needing.

And the majority of the people around them had let them have it, knowing they needed it, knowing they needed to come to terms with the what they had just admitted to each other in more than just words.

One member of the party, however, had other ideas, as their silence was broken by none other than Dustin's loud, nonchalant voice from across the room,

"I believe you *all* owe me ten bucks."

Followed by a disbelieved "all you stupid idiots thinking you knew Steve better than me, bloody hell." As he collected the money, to the sounds of their laughter, that they assumed, and *hoped*, was rightfully his.

And when he came over and stood in front of them with the biggest, toothiest grin Steve had ever seen, he simply stepped forward and ruffled his hair with the hand that hadn't found its new forever home, encased within the strength and warmth of a certain Billy Hargrove's.

Author's Note:

Okay so look I wrote the majority of this at like 6am and have re-read it like 3 times today to try and eradicate anything that sounds like the ramblings of a sleep deprived mind, except I'm still hella fucking sleep deprived so like I tried my best lmao and I sincerely apologise for all of this

(Also I have like 2 or maybe 3 other slightly longer Harringrove fics in the making and I am dying a little bit more each time I add to them because these boys are *m e a n t* for each other I swear to god)

Come scream about Harringrove and just Stranger Things in general with me on [tumblr](#)